

**Words for
Waverley**

By

**Indana
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Indana Simonde

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Introduction

There was a time when
I used to sit in café's
and lounges, buses and
academic halls of
learning, dreaming of
everything and
nothing, the meaning
of life and existence
through to the
reasoning and culture,

art and lifeblood of
what it is that makes a
language so
interesting;
entertaining and
moving at one and the
same time. From
Albert Einstein's logic
in silence I steadily
moved from trying to
understand and
explaining scientific
facts to William
Wundt's philosophy,
Friedrich Nietzsche
and Aristotle along

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with Plato in the form of discourses. Then the idea began formulating as my focus for subjectivist existentialism; a route to creating a writing style that was original and honest. Thus, I began a journey to attempt to write this discourse on thematic and subjective dialogues in the form of poetry, philosophy and narratives I believe

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are honestly the best at promoting a positive aspect of the craft, art and culture they promoted. This is a book in which I pay homage whilst attempting to take the reader through my own style within the syntax, grammar and narrative(s) showcased.

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1. *Oxygen 3: a
Generator proposal*

Whether you believe the science, or the facts of the matter, the truth is evident. Warmer air from historical reference led to shifts in the polar ice-caps. As a civilisation we inherited a world grossly overpopulated; unable to feed itself despite the abundance and nature of resources and allocation of the same. Acidification of the oceans has led to acidification of the rain; increased temperatures equally

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and most notably in the winter and summer months are (and) have led to the Greenhouse gases trapping in heat in our planet's atmosphere along with the hole in the ozone, which as yet remains gravely thinner by the day. This has produced warmer seasons and a differentiated water cycle. Water being the basis of all life.

Record heatwaves in the summer, mass desertification, melting ice sheets and further gases being released as a result of over production and consumption of goods throughout the planet. The water, what remains of it has a memory. The air we breathe

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daily and water we consume is not perfect but contains microbeads from plastic manufacture and waste along with the remnants of history. Plagues and epidemics, wildfires and smoke, gunpowder and even cigarette smoke. So how do we decide to proceed as a combined species?

The strong cultural and historic neglect of the background to the foundation of global citizenship is interrelated to the relationship we each

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share with rights.
Concern has been
raised over the
centuries as to how
best to govern states
with morality, justice
and equality being
placed at the forefront.
What of a planet's right
to existence; as a
member of a
civilisation that
consumes unethically
and disposes
unethically, how best
as a civilisation can

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any one person,
community, civilisation
and (or) state promote
the ideals of that same
relationship without
over intellectualising
the fate of billions of
potential physicists,
biologists, chemists
and scholarly
academics.

We are this planet.
We are, every one of us
potentially contained in
our frustration's
sorrows, ambitions,

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folly and maturity or
immaturity. How we
proceed is down to the
freedoms we allow to
exist in our direct
frame of relative
lifestyle choices.
Manufacture and
production of the same
is equally the burden
we share.

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1. The Phoenix

Anchored in ... Time

There was once a young girl
named Abigail, her passion
being lunar phases and
ultimately astronomy. On a day
not unlike today, whilst the
world slept, in the dark
innocence of early morning
she crept calmly. Past the mess
of toys and clothes in her
bedroom, through the corridor,
past the chez lounge in the
dining room towards the
window where it stood; beside
the old grandfather clock. She
allowed a finger to draw a line
along the rose-gold and
copper-silver tone of the old

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object she'd been fascinated
with since before her
childhood memories began in
her mind to solidify.

Time had left its toll on
them all, the orphans forgotten
or left alone. Some would
grow to be homeless, broken
and desolate reflections of
themselves; others would
become writers, politicians,
academics, engineers and
scientists, musicians or
physicians. This one little girl
would grow to be the very
salvation of history, space and
time being a reflection of her
present situation as she
allowed one eyelid to gently
close.

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Placing both hands on the
mount of the eye piece, she
couldn't have known how her
insouciant indolence or
nonchalance and unswerving
nerve would one day equate to
a paradise for her amongst the
stars; instead all she had was
her dream. A simple dream to
be married to the moons
crescent shaped light in the
darkness of the orphanage's
lounge area within what could
have been a mansion were it
not for all the young ones
running amok during the day.
Yet every night in silence as
she stood by her window, the
only thing she had for
company beyond a teddy bear

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was her telescope and the view of the stars.

How little she knew of the stars and sky at night as with all things, on a day such as this would hide the moons face from her almost as soon as she looked through the lens of the object. As Abigail searched, eagerly balancing on the stack of books in order to gain some extra height, a cold chill struck her by the window.

The telescope was bulky, a cumbersome series of knobs and screws to focus the incoming light. As she looked through the lens, she struggled at first to see anything, bar a few stray birds circling an area with trees in the distance. The

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houses below seemed blurry and out of focus, she shifted her position in order to find the exact position of the moon. Then, as she returned to the telescope, she found it, basking in a silver shimmering light, clear as if it were right in front of her. It was a brief, short lived victory as the clouds instantly collapsed upon the brightness of the moon, as if to say 'go to bed!' but she watched the clouds consume the light in the room and then a terror, a feeling of foreboding simply came over her as she stood on the books, telescope in hand. That was twenty five or so years ago give or take a month.

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2. *[aphorism, aforeism]*

Defining and differentiating between both the realised potential of a persons ability and all that came before is not solely a matter of personal and current trends in social stratification. Defining the two words that make life's woes a more concise Tsurism is not (again) solely a

matter of current trends but rather memorable history.

Men of course ease the weight on their shoulders by meditation and deep contemplation in much the same way as women. But true equality is and rests in (and with) equality of education. As such continuously improving and monitoring educational

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standards in local and national, private and public will only ever lead to an understanding of the struggles of one's forebears.

This is because in every generation, the mistakes of the generation before them are repeated. Thus, history repeats itself, but it doesn't have to be the same cycle repeated where

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wisdom and guidance are applied.

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3. **The (a) unofficial muse**

...and so to the impending,
A muse sang,
Defining these three things,

Common sense dictates
character,
Character, it grows beyond the
self,
In the eyes of others it allows
wisdom to flourish

Yet still a sombre beginning
December and no candles(?),

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No choral song or harp.

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4. *The repetitive dream*

In near silence to the
sound
a-tick-tock-tick
talking, walking
talking, raging low;
until the soft gentle
perch on red and gold.

Embroidered,
marked it faces
another,
With wooden back
turned and,

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unvarnished wood,
where chipped wood
bends

Symmetrical, yet
simple-elegant;
In one ear it rings,
Whilst the horse
shoe

Clitter-Clatter
Collapses on
Wooden floor boards.

In near silence to the
sound

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a-slurp-slurp guzzled
down,
tea gifted from on high
with the number 7
emblazoned
 upon its shadow
 The phoenix
anchored in time
Turns one more page
towards man's
 first crown

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5. **THE SPEECH OF THE IRON GUARDIAN**

“From that point on wards I
only ever dreamt of the
phoenix anchored in time.”
She began aloud to the
psychiatrist.

“..one from another through
culture and literature, history
and time; the very nature of I
devised a simple plan” the
voice began as it always did
when she began to stir as
though she were in zero
gravity and in a deep sleep.

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“Divination, rumination and solar instigation of system resuscitation of fore and aft engines, cycling and channelling Flashpoint psychological and sub-psychological psyche analysis complete” was how she heard what she initially thought was a fairies voice. The air as always was cold when she spoke to it, *‘but could it be that this was really what a fairy sounded like?’*

“...The sister in the orphanage used to read stories of an ‘Iron Guardian’ that defeated the Ogre in control of the universe, I can’t quite remember his name but it’s a complicated one”. She felt comfortable,

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safe almost, but definitely calm, unawares as to the danger looming. She instantly stopped speaking as the Iron Guardian began to interject in her speech.

“There was a war once, in the mind of one. In which, was there none but I to witness the turmoil.” His voice boomed above all the others, despite the fact that they all spoke as one.

“The tumble and bustle as it were. Stretched pulled, nay wrestled from the comfort of a corporeal body was I; so far from my own people, from what you would call a wife or wisdom, intellect or technology, life and

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civilisation. All lay destroyed before me. I was their leader and the first to.." his voice was calm but distinctly cut off from messy sound of the rest of them. Then the Iron Guardian of Mars began to speak once more.

"..lose and gain an understanding of the importance of a body in the inner workings of the soul. You see, the soul is the mind and the body. But this temporal energy that I had become, aye me, it was not as I had planned. That is to say, I had adapted contorted, twisted the very time I had once been a part of; I had adapted, twisted and contorted my own soul in

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a desperate bid to stay eternally, mortally or immortally alive, yet I found myself a part of the undead in time"

"And what year was this?" she exclaimed almost imperceptibly as if she could feel them beginning to rebuild the barriers again. It was then that she heard the familiar voice of C.A.B.L.E noting the end for the cryogenic sleep cycle. Her DNA had been restored automatically to a previous Flashpoint as the result of a few irregularities in her respiratory system which had caused concern for the computer.

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6. Sinus Meridiani: Liberation - Part I

There was a time, long ago,
when the silence within the
four walls didn't echo
throughout the planetary
constellation of dead solar
entities and forgotten realms. A
time when literary types would
intermingle with academics
and philosophers, conscious of
how out of place they seemed,
whilst recording their thoughts
for later study. Each word
would later become a resultant
train of thought for those who
were successful, whilst for
those who were not quite so

skilled in the arts, a lifetime of
self-loathing half measures and
inquisitive or rather
introspective outlooks on life
would be fashioned from the
memories they physically
chose to retain.

Those days within what had
become the golden age were
now gone. Harvesters no
longer collected their bounty
of food and resources for
agricultural purposes.

Data miners no longer
computed and collated data. In
fact, save for the occasional
sound of rain lashing heavy on
the dusty, old and forgotten
roads; or even the crumbling of
now ancient buildings, to the

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sound of the wind causing
rusted metal to further twist
and creak to the shrill winds
harsh howl-like-bark in a sea
of rusting, orange life had
ceased to exist on Sinus
Meridiani.

The earth itself was almost
eerily still as though it were
tainted when he finally arrived
in a perfectly uniform vector
traveling towards the very
point the Elders of the long
since vanished civilisation had
left, as though the beacon had
malfunctioned.

Without allowing even so
much as a solitary grimace
within the confines of the
empty roofless walls that had

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since seen better days, he
ducked and began to get
technical equipment out of his
suit to scan the environment
whilst waiting for a data
analysis droid to arrive from
the Temporal Scream. The
enemy would be here soon. As
he gathered his effects and
pressed a series of buttons on
the machine he had assembled
from bits of metal strewn
across the floor he knew
something was obviously
wrong but just how far he was
from the point he had
attempted to jump to was
beyond his knowledge class.

Ten units time passed and
still no sign of the droid as he
began to calculate the distance

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to the closest of the binary stars in the sky. The battery pack he kept for emergencies such as this was stored on the back of his suit but with no one to tell him just what to do he began to panic knowing he had to follow protocol. He was after all trained for and had been training for just such an eventuality from birth.

Will Heard leant his back against the wall to note the rumbling of the ground, something was fast approaching but he couldn't be sure whether the silence that had interrupted his train of thought had been broken by a sentry droid or the enemy that had been chasing him. The sick

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feeling in his gut he always felt at the thought of fighting against a Goliath was a foregone conclusion, but as this was his first Temporal Jump to one of the outlying Solar Systems in a parallel universe, any number of issues could arise from the non-appearance of the droid he had counted on to save his life.

Time was moving too fast for him, with memories of the ship he had been trained aboard becoming distant. All that was left in his adolescent mind but intelligence from this scouting mission was an unwavering hatred of the war he was currently facing alone against a hostile race of

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seemingly indestructible robots with only one agenda; namely the destruction of any survivors of the war. As Will counted silently just as he had been trained, he began to sense the pattern they always made in the distance but it was growing too loud meaning there might be more than one Goliath seeking him out in the vastness of this arid wasteland.

As quickly as he had arrived in the empty silence, he was gone leaving the Goliaths on what would now be considered enemy territory. The Signal Beacon he had placed, in the now empty crumbling ruin of a room, when activated by the motion

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of the alien robotic killing machines would cause his droid to call a rain of nuclear proportions from the sky, intrinsically beginning the terraforming process that would kill all life on the planet where it existed in the interests of saving what was left of the human race on Earth's last battleground; that of time. The days of scientific research were over. The war that had begun an aeon ago was now in its final phase.

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7. [Insert
Title Here]

...the principle role of taxation in the fight for a fair and continuous upheaval of any society, be it highly developed or not so should be the development of services and continuation of proactive and positive service delivery or

provision for the same. Where this is not possible, the safeguarding of public services, where they exist on a local constituency or national basis, should and usually are paramount in issue. They amount to potentially life-saving treatment, the protection of the people in any given populous from crime

and fire prevention as well as war and the development of peace keeping missions.

12. The global economy, capitalist and otherwise, relies on taxation through constitutional powers to operate the various arms of the government. In so doing, the government of any sovereign state is tasked with the ability, opportunity and

difficulty(ies) associated with the same. As such, financial institutions from central banks and financial intermediaries have a challenge to face not solely in avoiding uncertain economic situations but equally in attempting to tackle the trade deficits and financial crises that have followed the global recession and

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economic meltdown
post 2010.

13. With high street
shops such as Toys 'R
Us and Maplin going
into administration, the
National Health
Service facing service
disruption due to
financial and
managerial difficulties
and equally the
Education Sector
facing major cuts and
closures, many
members of the public

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are being held to
ransom on the lower
end of the poverty and
income scale. Children
and teenagers equally
are turning to crime,
sickness and epidemics
worldwide are on the
rise and the
disadvantaged and
disenfranchised are
turning from politics
which governs day to
day life for pretty
much every human life
on the planet. These

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issues bring forward
not a question of what
to do, rather helping
those most in need has
been the staple of
governments and
NGOs worldwide since
Clement Atlee and
Winston Churchill
parlayed in dynamic
discourses across
Parliament in
Westminster.

14. Rather, the issue
of how to provide
support for individuals

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and communities in an
age in which, we as a
society have lost touch
with the community
within the soul of a
nation begs an answer
and equal return of the
moral compass that
guided idealists such as
Woodrow Wilson in
creating the League of
Nations. In an age of
affluence, opposing the
laissez-faire attitudes
of the pre-1920s global
economy, both leaders

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and those who were directed through the course of their actions have had a right and duty to command their respective fields whilst pioneering with a view to saving our shared global home. In order to achieve the interests of not one, but every nation requires more than solely collaboration and development of education, training and

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incentivised schemes with a view to re-establishing a connection between our natural environment and the built environment.

15. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for reading this and ask that where you have the power or the voice to do so, you might make a positive change for those who

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as yet may not be so
fortunate.

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8. **S**inus Meridiani: Liberation
– Part II

Upon materialising from the
Temporal Stream the
reclaimed EMC
Liberation, the
Earths largest and
last of the fleet of
planetary assault
vehicles, he was
immediately
apprehended and
taken to the brig on
charges of High
Treason against the
commander of the
ship. The charge
came with a heavy
penalty. Within his

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helmets Heads Up
Display or H.U.D a
debrief began as
usual but little did he
know that he may
well have
inadvertently caused
the end of humans
through his actions.
Still wearing the
jump suit he had
been wearing the
whole time, he felt
his access to the
terraforming system
housed within the
now ancient
Geodesic Global's
C.A.B.L.E
operations unit
slowly begin to fade

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as the synergy he had
once felt emanating
from the machine
that navigated him
through the parallel
universe by
manipulating
wormhole
technology. This
system of wormholes
and bridges between
space and time
existent, also known
as the Temporal
Stream, because of
the river like
tributaries that
allowed navigation
towards the seams of
space and time itself
appeared to be

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collapsing upon
itself. They would
soon be stranded in
deep space with very
little recourse to a
route to any one of
the planets formerly
known as Earth.

The two marines on either
side of him marched
steadily towards the
brig of the ship not
far from the hive of
activity within the
expansive
engineering
department. As they
walked he began
calculating mentally
for there was little
time. 'The amount of

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energy required to
keep the prison cells
active equalled many
inverse roots of the
ships nerve centres,
as a result..' he
allowed his thoughts
to trail off into the
ether as the Iron
Guard continued
unbeknownst to the
two guards by his
side.

"Ok! So there were at least two
of them on the planet
I nuked and I know
that much. And as a
matter of fact they
were working on a
factory according to
the schematics

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downloaded into my
onboard computer.
Check the data logs
if you don't believe
me.." Will's voice
trailed off to no avail
nervously. The first
of the spatial plasma
balls approached the
port side of the ship
and as the temporal
distortion rocked the
ship he could see it
approaching through
port holes as the
crest of a wave;
without being in the
Scientific-Operation
and Navigations
deck he already
knew that they were

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surrounded by ship
upon ship within the
navigations star
chart, he also knew
the last hope, the
signal beacon on
Mars, the quantum
tunnel and signals of
life from across the
universe, all of it
must have been a
rouse. He'd marched
the Liberation
directly into a trap.
He allowed his voice to
count down based on
the trajectory and
speed of the flaming
ball in space only to
realise that it was
debris from one of

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the other ships on a direct collision vector. The marines who both had their visors on manual lockdown as a result of the fault attributed to Imperator v.3.02 equally realised too late and were blown into space along with Will on impact, his hands still bound wouldn't be so for long as the restraints only worked with proximity to the brig whilst operated within the ship but due to the potential destruction of the

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entire core of the ship, will attempted to bring his mind into focus so as to allow his augmented body to regain control of his suit. There would be time to grieve once he was clear of the debris but not now.

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9. **Equality OF education**

The strong cultural and historic neglect of the background to the foundation of global citizenship is inter related to the relationship we each share with rights. Concern has been raised over the centuries as to how best to govern states with morality, justice and equality being placed at the forefront. What of a planets right to existence; as a member of a civilisation that consumes unethically and disposes unethically, how best as a civilisation can any one

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person, community,
civilisation and (or) state
promote the ideals of that same
relationship without over
intellectualising the fate of
billions of potential physicists,
biologists, chemists and
scholarly academics.

We are the planet. We are,
every one of us potentially
contained and constrained in
our frustrations, sorrows,
ambitions, folly and maturity
or immaturity. How we
proceed is a result of the
freedoms we allow to exist in
our direct frame of relative
lifestyle choices. Manufacture
and production of the same is
equally the burden we each
share. Equality of Education is

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Absolute Equality and of the
highest priority. The cost of a
tree is the price we share as a
combined species on this
planet.

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London, England

February 4th, 1642

Religion, on a day like today.
A Sunday solace silent no less;
Husbandmen and
Brideswomen,
ladies first and last to own a
soul,
the whole role of I, whom once
was you.

Outside it rains, raining
through low
Hanging cloud;
A law for flourishing truths
shared,
Or justice sheared through the
shedding.

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What of Commonality
communing with wealth,
Commonality communes in
estate
On a hearth of woven warmth
Or on a mantle tenderly
caressed

Thus transpires in happiness
the constitution healthy
Of men and women

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England
May 5th 1649

Have we ever met across equal
eyes,
With interests and furtherment
shared,
In which I and thee, together in
this;
Foreseeing contemplation and
love should notion,
Not to stall or fear looming
shadow
Through fortitude, lacking
strawberry layered slices
A smile, gingerly; grin in
adoration
Of innocent nations,
Liberty is dreamy security
unblemished

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Contained within honours
layer, a cake.

The petition of Rights agreed
to ascension, and others good
Under whom shall the manners
of law,
Reflect the shadow of the land.
Concluded in hollow light,
To darkness and then light
once more,
Illuminating the hearts shadow
as it dances in even-song.

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Salem Massachusetts

February 1832

.... And then darkness fell
upon the earth as a shroud for
photons absorbed elsewhere,
and it was called night time.
There was no anger or hatred,
no ill will or discrimination;
the use of the word colour was
as with an artist's pallet,
pushing brush strokes across a
canvas. Newton, Isaac, Sir –
the man would have
questioned rainbow and prism
during day and at night by
candle-light continued to
eschew, stating 200 years
earlier “..behold, thus I have
founded a proposition of optics

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and thus the transformation of momentum and attributes of force in dynamic corpuscles.”

Yet this was not enough. There had to be more, for questioning and rambling and cursing or nay saying for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. To be born free and choose is a sacred thing not to be frowned upon. To be born free and choose is freedom. To be born wise and free is a sacred freedom not to be frowned upon. I as only one man, am convinced union is a choice. Anything, nay everything is a choice, it just depends how far removed from the convicted conviction, the choice of first instance one is

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from that wise freedom we each of us daily seek.

Importance in a daily life; mortality, asserted improvement and consistent welfare of ourselves’, together in nature or apart in unison is a symbol; some could call it a vow, others expression, others still love undying. I would call it unending, unconditional, irrevocable, honest, true, my only aim, goal; thee means to my salvation, borderless, colourless, humourless all eternal, Honour, Majesty and Glory for this current and all future societies.

I am resolved to believe I am the nationality culture and race I was raised in, but I have

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a choice and a freedom. I can
stay, I can go, I can live alone
or die alone but I choose to
live surrounded by solitude; in
comfort communing with
ghosts, the people, loves
triumphs and tragedies of
yesteryears bygone.

No job, no education no
wealth or even a penny, not
even clothes for I gave them
away I gave away all bar my
love...

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Paris, France

March 16th 1848

Liberty is material; equality is
the standard, fraternity is the
bond. Beyond this, there is
nothing to differentiate men,
women children from one
another. Dreams are what God
sows in those able to carry
forward the dreams of their
forebears. My dreams at
present(?) include but are not
limited to:-

Global Disarmament

A Nobel Peace Prize

A job in Parliament

A chance to visit my acre on
the moon

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To make people read Einstein
– in order to make people think
more intelligibly prompting
government(s) to promote and
prioritise physics.

To begin a treatise on time.

Time is gravitation, space is
the black hole at the centre of
the solar system waiting to
happen. The Black Hole at the
centre of the galaxy is hungry
for more stars, planets,
asteroids, light time and all
things. The ultimate speed is
that of rotation of a 'black
body' or black hole, not
 2×10^8 m/s of light

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Part II

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The Phoenix anchored in
time

In near silence to the sound
a-tick-tock-talking,
walking, talking, raging low;
until the soft gentle perch on
red and gold.

Embroidered, marked it
faces,

With wooden back turned
and,

Unvarnished wood, where
wood bends,

Symmetrical yet simple
elegant;

In one ear it rings,
Whilst the horse shoe
Clitter-Clatter

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Collapses on wooden
floorboards

In near silence to the sound
a-slurp slurp guzzled down,
ten gifted from on high
with the number 7 emblazoned
upon its shadow

The phoenix anchored in
time

Turns one more page
towards man's

First crown.

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[aphorism, aforeism]

Defining and differentiating between both the realised potential of a person's ability and all that came before is not solely a matter of personal and current trends in social stratification. Defining the two words that make life's woes and more concise Tourism in not (again) solely a matter of current trends but rather memorable history.

Men of course ease the weight on their shoulders by meditation and deep contemplation in much the

same way as women. But true equality is and rests in (and with) equality of education. As such continuously improving and monitoring educational standards in local and national, private and public will only ever lead to an understanding of the struggles of one's forebears. This is because in every generation, the mistakes of the generation before them are repeated. This history repeats itself, but it doesn't have to be the same cycle repeated where wisdom and guidance are applied.

Indana Simonde

The (a) unofficial

muse

...and so to the impending,
A muse sang
Defining three things,

Common sense dictates
character
Character, it grows beyond
the self,
In the eyes of others it
allows
wisdom to flourish

Words for Waverley

Yet it is still a sombre
beginning
December and no candles,
No choral song or harps.

Indana Simonde

“There was a war once in the
mind of one. In which was
there none, but I to witness the
turmoil, the tumble and bustle
as it were. Stretched, pulled,
nay wrestled from the body
was I; so far from my own, a
soul, that I had adapted,
changed, contorted and twisted
the very time I had once been a
part of, yet still, a part of my
own consciousness”.

Aer 1 (The Iron Guardian)

“Divination, rumination and
solicitation of a psyche one
from another through culture
and literature, history and time;

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Words for Waverley

the very nature of I devised a
simple plan”.

Aer 1 (The fairy)

My life in a darkened room

Sitting, laying, shifting,
Counting the movements of
elementals,
Particles unseen;
Whilst outside the light
spreads.

One day taking on the orange
red,
Of empires untold,
A land foresold;
Whilst outside, the light
spreads.

We could, all of us fly,

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Indana Simonde

Amongst clouds and beyond
greenery,
Towards lands unseen,
Where the greens mirror the
sky
But outside, the light spreads.

Instead, laying and shifting,
We define dreams of second
sight,
Preparing the mind to fight
once more,
Whilst deliberating the
existence of outside.

Tomorrow is a new day,
like today,
only with more light,
shining bright on flags of auld.

Golden rays imparted,

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Words for Waverley

On folded pages,
Think of all the races and
rages,
A war since, made holier than
thou.

Trees sway, lights dim and
still,
Sitting, I lay, shifting
Inside, awash with particles
unseen,
Whilst counting the
movements

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A river of light

Imagine I, the first of them,
Witnessing a lake in th sky,
Running, flowing, ebbing this
way;
Running, flowing, ebbing that
way.

 Fear of a falling tree,
 As it is torn, ripped
from
 Mother nature's womb.
The sky, the clouds, the stars;
All of them dance a celestial
dance,
Amidst the truth of nature
below.

**Philosophy of a-
hearkened**

Used to, I dreamt of tomorrow;
 Tomorrows lives, loves,
 Lost to todays
confounded
 Logical analyses
 My first love
 Her words comforting
 Soft, honest and true.
But not today, not my
heart.
Rather find comfort in hope, a
future,
 A dream of motivations
and virtue

Indana Simonde

Annihilation past
consciousness
And beyond life
eternal
Being all there was.
Could it be that life still,
Frozen in time is hope?
Rest my weary mind.

Words for Waverley

Timid

Indeed, I was there for it all,
The tears, the tantrums,
A fallen, the fallen,
Plastic metallic sheen,
All coppers and rose
gold,
How can I look back,
Remembering and
forgetting
They never forget a tome,
In their homes
Conversation, a little
Respect, pride,
knowledgge, lovee
All I ever wanted
All I ever hoped for
Rested all
Was to find her

Indiana Simonde

Like a gift
Awaiting a sheen
plasticated
Wrapped in loving
kindness
For all its worth and
wanton
Dishabituaton forsaken
Torn, we are all at
first
Born, are we of fire

Words for Waverley

Love is...

In actuality,
A typeface, a setting, a font
Sometimes trapped, sometimes
free,
Sometimes in obscurity,
We thrive, we dine, we seek
divine,
For thine and mine,
We laugh, we cry, crowned by
Thee only loneliness we have
ever known,
So to the truth of it,
The reality is
Love is not a game,
Of pull you to me,
Neither is it a thought
It's a look, a thought in
eyelids,
Flowers and orange toast,
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Indana Simonde

Its tea and biscuits
Or cake thereafter
Love is a memory
Distant
Of here present
In one mind or
another,
Love is the words and
their meaning
It's a tear blossoming and a
hand,
To wipe away the frothing
bloom,
Love is forgotten and
remembered,
When love ceases to
be,
There love ceases to
see,
Such that it is all
becoming,

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Words for Waverley

Chemical,
psychological
Neurons, won't you
just
Let me be!

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Indana Simonde

Shadow's and Quills

I see a shadow composed and
Then a light dims
Its opposite equal
Unlike this place, the
finality of it,
Twilights foraging and
dusky hazes,
Their voices ring as the
light,
A dancing dazy phase of
distance
Unrecalled,
Devoid of anger is this
place

I see a shadow, composed and
Then their light dims
If only for a second
The fear grows,

Words for Waverley

Spreading as fresh laid ink
On sheets of old driftwood
Recycled,
When will they learn?
Motivation is indeed the
aim
To love until love
unceasing

I see a shadow, composed and
Then its light ceases,
When evolution takes hold
And fear grips insanity
The only war mortal souls
fight
To love until loves end,
To live for life untold
Reality is the depth of
thought
A voice in clarity

Indiana Simonde

Composed of a fountain
of shadows

Words for Waverley

Icarus

In darkness an archer
Stands poised, waiting
Bow drawn and fearfully,
Sorrowfully looks to the
field
As all before him falls at
Barren feet, dry and mud
encrusted,
He delves, and climbs,
Jumps and drives until
Finally, angrily he finds
him,
A father slain for war,
Screaming "mercy" in an
air
That gargles and cries
There is nothing more than
This solace,

Indana Simonde

This sadness men
compose

In silence as
The definition of all
With the damage done
An arrow flies from
Air to heir
From there to here
For another day

Words for Waverley

Smoke-less Gluttony

A new leaf turns,
Like dust or mortar, to
ashes;
Falling in the sway of
gravity
From heavenwards to
earth,
The hopes of a world
Singing an orchestral
song,
Choral, composed by
you.
Some would laugh at
phantoms,
Others at a symbol of
material,
Wealth being
something I

Indiana Simonde

As one man have never
had.

Debt all encompassing
It travels from one to
another,
Like promiscuity or sin,
Through eyes and nose
And out of mouth.

Ears remain unaffected
and can hear.

The laughs,
Lovers slain by
hilarity

In abject misery
We all ourselves
In awe of our own
poverty.

Yet still a bell rings,
It tolls across city
streets

Words for Waverley

And rustles in
homes

For two's, three's,
fours and more.

Is it worth it,
Fairness and
equality

Being a
struggle

A war for yours and my
generation

Proof